It Started Out with a Cheesecake by brokenpromisesandhope

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Summary:

A Tumblr prompt literally no one asked for: "Ate my girlfriend's cheesecake when I got home drunk last night then texted her ' I fucked up I'm so sorry' before passing out. Woke up to like 300 missed calls and texts of her thinking I was cheating on her."

It Started Out with a Cheesecake

Author's Note:

> This is kinda hot if I do toot my own horn!
> xx
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Honestly it's a moment of weakness that he does it. He's high. He's always high when Nancy's gone. He feels too much. He loves her. He knows he does. But, it's new. They're young. Nancy is too good for him. She's nice and kind and sweet. She plays the good girl, his parents love her, but she fucks like a pornstar. She has her nipples pierced and sends him videos of her fingering herself in the bathroom stall at work.

So yeah. He misses her when she's not there. She's moved in without really moving in, and it feels lonely without her. He's being dramatic. She's out of town for a work trip and will be back in the morning, but he misses her. So he gets high. So insanely high that he eats everything in his fridge. Including Nancy's huge ass slice of cheesecake. She'd grabbed it this morning from the bakery but before she could eat it, she'd gotten called out to this out of town meeting.

And it was just sitting there. And Steve somehow wasn't full after eating the leftover burgers and pizza. So he'd eaten it. And fuck it was good. It should be. At $10 a slice. It was creamy and crumbly and fuck, so so good. He regrets it almost as soon as he finishes it. Stumbles to the couch and grabs his phone, texts Nancy. "I fucked up, I'm so sorry." and passes out.

Steve wakes up to a pounding on the door. He flails, forgets where he is for a minute. Passed out on his couch. In full clothes. Thank god weed doesn't give you a hangover. Fuck. He'd smoked like an entire bowl himself. The pounding at his door is not fucking stopping. He slowly gets up and yawns, heading like a zombie to the door. Fuck, it's gotta be early. At least before eleven.

He is not prepared for Nancy to storm into his apartment. She's got her hair up in one of those fancy ponytails that mean business, and

she's wearing her fancy makeup which is thick eyeliner and red lipstick. She's got on a white blouse and a navy blue pencil skirt and black pumps and her tits look fantastic.

"Where is she?!" she shouts.

"Where's who?"

"Don't play dumb you fucking idiot," she screeches, "the girl! You didn't answer your phone, and you texted me, and," she starts pacing.

"Nancy I-"

"If you would have just fucking texted me back, or answered one of my hundred phone calls, I wouldn't have had to speed back here! Jesus fucking Christ Steve. I'm out of town one night. One fucking night! I thought we were good! The sex is good," she throws her hands up in the air but then turns to him, "Wasn't it? Is this because I wouldn't do anal?"

"Nancy what the fuck? No! What the hell is going on?"

"What the hell is going on is that you," she stabs him in the chest with her acrylic, "fucking cheated on me, you lying, scummy bastard. You texted me and said you were sorry, and then ignored all of my texts and calls like a pussy!"

Steve's mouth drops,
"Nancy what the actual fuck are you talking about?"

Nancy huffs and yanks her phone out of her purse, she'd dropped on the ground,
"You sent me this text at 11 last night," she shows him the text and all of a sudden he busts out laughing.

He laughs loudly for a few minutes until Nancy hits his shoulder,
"Care to let me in on the joke?"

"I ate your cheesecake."

She looks confused, and it's adorable,
"My cheesecake?"

“I got high as fuck last night and ate your cheesecake, from the bakery,” Steve says sheepishly.

Nancy stares at him, and then laughs herself. Then slaps his shoulder again,
“Do not ever do that again. Jesus! I thought I was gonna have to fight someone, in these heels!”

Steve laughs and pushes her against the door,
“I have to admit, it was pretty sexy. You all angry and in charge like that.”

“Oh yeah?” Nancy asks coyly, pulling her hair out of her ponytail so that her chestnut curls fall down her shoulders.

“Hell yeah,” says Steve, yanking her blouse open, buttons scattering on the floor.

Before Nancy can complain, Steve buries his face in her breasts, licking and sucking. Nancy moans and wraps her arms around Steve’s neck. He quickly unclasps her bra and sucks a nipple into his mouth, wrapping one hand around her back and using the other to yank up her skirt. Its tight, so he only gets it up about halfway, and then he yanks down her underwear. She moans loudly and he moves to her other breast, sucking hard. He wants her to feel it tomorrow, to still be red and puffy for him. She places her hands in his hair and he quickly undoes his jeans and shoves them and his boxers to his knees.

His hand slides between Nancy’s legs, she’s already wet, and he brushes over her clit, not giving her enough. She whines and yanks on his hair until he pushes two fingers into her slowly. She throws her head back and moans and Steve sucks harder. She’s always so wet, so tight and warm. She always feels so good around him, clenches around him so good. He loves her pussy. Never loved something more than that.

“Please,” she murmurs, just once. And then he slides his fingers out, hitches Nancy’s leg up to wrap around his waist, and replaces them with his cock. He slides in slowly, just the head breeching her, and the pausing. She squirms and stretches up on her tip toe to slide down further.

They both moan loudly as he bottoms out and he moves his mouth to her neck. He bites and leaves a hickey, a large purpling welt because Nancy always moans so good when it hurts. While he's busy doing that, she rakes his shirt up and scratches down his back. His hips jerk at that, but otherwise it's fairly slow. They rock their hips together, and he barely moves out of her, he can't. It's too good.

Finally she gets desperate, all but thrusting her breasts up at him again, until he takes her nipple into his mouth,
"Fuck me like you mean it," she says breathlessly.

"I always mean it," he mumbles against her skin.

But he moves faster, digs his fingers into her thigh, hard enough to leave bruises and bites her nipple. She starts writhing against him and he slides his other hand down to rub at her clit. She's soaking wet, dripping all over them and he rubs at her frantically cause he's not going to last.

The removal of his hand from being braced against the door causes them to sink lower to the floor, though Nancy's still on her tip toe so gravity can do most of the work. But with Steve rubbing her clit and biting at her nipple, it doesn't take her long to come. She starts convulsing and tries to brace herself on the floor but ends up rolling her ankle. She screams at the pain and squirts all over them.

Nancy always was a masochist but this is something new. She looks so fucking gorgeous as she comes, lipstick smeared, face red, eyes wet, neck veins straining as she screams, her pussy clamping tight around him. It only takes him a few more minutes before he comes inside her, grunting in to her neck. When he comes down, she's still crying and panting.

"That was good," she grins.

He lets her leg fall down and she hisses as she tries to put her weight on her leg. She tries to steady herself and squeals in pain,

"Yeah, definitely sprained my ankle," She says, wiping at her eyes.

Steve, still a little come drunk, raises an eyebrow,
“And you came at that?”

“I, I,” she stammers, face turning even more red.

Steve laughs, slowly pulling out of her. They’re soaking wet.

“I think you ruined your skirt,” he says, pulling it up a bit more.

She swallows hard,
“I know I haven’t, done that in awhile,”

“Don’t you dare apologize,” he says, kissing her deeply. Well more tangling his hand in her hair and pulling her head back so he can lick into her mouth.

“Ok, ok, I won’t.”

“So sexy. So fucking sexy, I’d never cheat on you. I never wanna be outside you, never wanna stop making you come,” he rumbles, sinking to his knees.

He spreads her legs apart and she whimpers at her ankle, still trapped in her heels.

“Okay baby, I don’t want you to actually hurt yourself,” he says, grabbing her thighs.

Nancy pouts and he laughs,
“Okay fine, let me,” she puts her legs on his shoulder and he scoots closer, licking her damp thighs.

“Fuck,” he rasps. He can’t even tease himself, just goes straight to licking from her hole up to her clit.

She gasps and tangles her hands in his hair as he goes to town. He loves eating her out. Especially when she rocks against his face, moves him where she wants him and he can’t breathe. She’s always so wet and tastes so good, and her clit is so sensitive. He wonders if she’d be willing to get it pierced. The little minx could probably rub against his thigh after and she’d come. He sticks a pin in that thought as he sucks on her clit harder. He hopes she’s worked up enough to

gush against his face. They've never done that. It would be so good.

He pulls back to look up at her face, she sweating and panting, and he slides two fingers inside her, going right for her g-spot,

"You gonna come for me baby? You think you can squirt for me?" Steve mumbles against her belly.

"I'm trying," she whines, bucking her hips.

He takes the hint and sucks her clit back into his mouth, fingers massaging her. She moans louder, that she's so close, and he braces his other hand against the wall, and takes the one that's been holding her thigh and pushes it back, shifting her body so her legs are spread wider… and he can get his hand on her foot. Before she can realize what's happening, he ever so gently, rolls her ankle slightly and that's it.

She screams, again, and squirts all over his face. It's amazing, and he kitten licks her clit through the tremors. Sucks on it softly until she pushes him away. He pulls his fingers out and sucks on them like he can't get enough, very aware of her eyes on him. His face is soaking wet but he licks up her thighs and across her red pussy trying to clean her up. He's gentle, but she still pushes him away after awhile, when he goes from being helpful to trying to make her come again.

"Get up here," she says, removing her leg so he can stand up.

She kisses the life out of him and he pushes her against the door more frantically which must cause her ankle to hurt again and she lets out a pained moan,
"Okay, we really gotta be done," she says, like a sensible adult, "We gotta go to the hospital."

He pouts,
"But I wanna keep talking about how sexy you are," he whispers, kissing her neck, "How much I wanna do that again," he sucks on her earlobe.

"Steve, please,"

"Please what? Fuck you again?" He pushes his erection against her

thigh.

She moans,
“Listen, we have to,” she moans as his fingers brush against her nipple. Twist it, “Fuck.”

“That’s what I’m trying to do,” he mumbles.

He pulls their bodies together and kisses her slowly, moving his tongue in a dirty way that mirrors everything he wants to do to her. She stretches up to get on better footing and hisses in pain again. Steve pulls away, and hoists her into his arms, like she weighs nothing,

“C’mon. Get some clothes on and we can go.”

When she’s not having earth shattering orgasms, she realizes her ankle really fucking hurts, even as Steve dresses her in one of his sweatshirts and a pair of leggings. He slides some flip flops on her feet, grabs her purse, and his keys and wallet. He loads her in the car and they head to the emergency room. Not exactly the way he wants to spend his Friday, but he’s enjoying how fucked out Nancy looks.

“You doing okay?” he asks.

“Yeah, I’ll be fine soon as they give me some fucking drugs. It doesn’t hurt when I don’t move it.”

“Good. I don’t like to see you in pain,” he says, placing his hand on her thigh.

“Only the pain that ends in orgasms?”

He hums like he’s considering it,
“Um, yes.”

“I think you should drop me off and then go get me a piece of that cheesecake you stole.”
Steve scoffs,
“Um, it was there for anyone to eat, and hell no, that’s all the way across town.”

“Please?” Nancy pouts.

“Fat chance.”

She crosses her arms over her chest,

“Fine, see if we ever have sex again.”

He snorts because it’s such an empty threat, she’ll be climbing him the second they get home.

Although when Nancy finally gets back into a room and gets a shot of morphine, he sneaks out, and when he comes back, she’s still waiting for the doctor to come cast her broken ankle, when Steve presents her a piece of cheesecake and a plastic fork. She immediately tears it open and shoves a bite in her mouth. Her eyes flutter closed and she moans, and Steve should not find this hot,

“Oh my god. This is so fucking good. I’m gonna suck your dick when we get home. Oh my god. Maybe in the car. Holy shit. You can come on my face. So good.” she moans between bites.

Before Steve can respond, he sees the scandalized face of the doctor, who’s clearly heard every word, croak out,

“Knock knock.”

Nancy doesn’t even look up from her cheesecake and Steve’s face heats up,

“She’s a little out of it,” he says, clearing his throat.

The doctor just stares at him. He’s old enough to be their father,

“Apparently. Ms. Wheeler I’m going to cast your ankle now, are you ready?””

“Can I keep eating this? I can’t give it to him. He’s a cheesecake thief,” she says, pointing her fork at Steve.

Steve can’t help but laugh at this and he turns to the doctor,

“She’s ready.”